

PIRATES FAIL TO TAKE TREASURE

So Youngsters Are Happy In Prospect of Seeing Big Ringling Day Circus Parade.

3 MILES RAINBOW CARAVAN

Had Captain Kidd run down the steamer Molly Burton as she crossed the Atlantic this spring, he would at first sight have thought he had captured all the gold, silver and precious stones in the world. But fortunately for young America, pirates no longer exist and in consequence the good ship came to anchor in New York harbor. From the vessel the glittering load was transferred to a train of twenty cars sent to Baraboo, Wis., and there a dedication of that vast pageant which will on Wednesday, Oct. 21, be seen here in connection with Ringling Brothers' circus.

All of the armor and properties used in the newly added spectacle of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, together with the accessories and decoration of the floats, tableau cars, band chariots, and other features of this season's street parade were designed and fashioned in Italy and France. Many of the massive panels such as those fitted to the sides of fairyland vans and throne vehicles, were in the work shops and studios for almost two years. They are hand-carved by the finest of European craftsmen and burnished with pure gold. The great front and cornice pieces are inlaid with polished metals and set with brilliants. This and a vast assortment of other paraphernalia composed the cargo of the steamer Molly Burton.

It is said that this season's street parade will prove the most magnificent ever seen in America. There will be more than 700 horses in line and these will wear silver mounted harness. All costumes are made from the finest silk and broadcloth, while the countless flags and banners represent the most expensive of Japanese and Chinese art work. Aside from the glitter of the parade are such novelties as 16 camels driven like horses and a team of six zebras attached to a pneumatic pipe organ. It requires an hour for the big pageant to pass a given point.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES

479 Went Down.

Regarding the sinking of the Russian armored cruiser Pallada by German submarines in the Baltic, a Petrograde correspondent says:

"I hear the German submarine attacked on Russian cruisers on two successive days and the sinking of the Pallada on the second day occurred 500 or 600 miles from any German port. The inference follows that either the Germans have established some base for this species of warfare in the Baltic at a spot unknown or else Germany has contrived to mis-lead neutral territory."

"None of those aboard were saved, but six members of the crew were left behind ashore. The total loss is about 450 men and 29 officers."

THIS BANK

Extends to the farmers of Christian County its services to those seeking to establish a STRONG banking connection—

Our ample resources justify us in extending liberal accommodations to responsible parties who wish to establish banking relations with this institution.

PLANTERS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY.

The Oldest Trust Company in Christian County.

W. O. W.

Unveiling Ceremonies at Riverside Sunday Afternoon.

Pearl City Camp No. 5 and Eureka Camp No. 25, of Madisonville, will hold at Riverside cemetery Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock a joint unveiling of the monuments of Jesse Gordon Payne and Walter Atkinson. Hon. D. H. Kincheloe, of Madisonville, and Hon. Rainey G. Wells, of Murray, Ky., will deliver the memorial addresses. All camps in Western Kentucky are invited.

SELLS 1915 WHEAT CROP.

Trigg County Farmer Gets Contract At \$1.05 a Bushel.

Cadiz, Ky., Oct. 16.—Claude R. Wadlington, a leading farmer of this county, has closed a contract with the Hopkinsville Milling Company for his crop of wheat to be raised next year at \$1.05 a bushel. He is sowing an unusually large acreage.

STRICKEN FAMILY.

Father Dead, While Mother and Eight Children Have Typhoid.

Cadiz, Ky., Oct. 16.—Robert H. Thomas, who lived eight miles south of here, is dead from typhoid fever, and his wife and eight children are now confined to their beds with the same disease. The Fiscal Court yesterday ordered a trained nurse for the family.

When Actor Made an Enemy.

Willie Edouin once told of an actor in a certain company who one day incautiously disclosed the secret that he was actually saving \$2 a week. The rest of the company were dumfounded at it. Then they enjoyed "the joke" immensely. He was chaffed unmercifully. There was only one person present who did not join in the fun against him. He remained silent and when the money saver left he took an opportunity of slipping out after him and congratulated him on his common sense in providing for a rainy day. Then he informed him that he himself had often thought of doing the same thing, but circumstances had always been against him, and just then he was at his wits' ends. Would the saver mind lending him, say, a ten-spot till Sunday? He did not get it and became from that time one of the most bitter ridiculers of saving as tending to make a man think of no one but himself. It really requires courage in many circles to own to one's qualities.

A Tongue Twister.

A well known Liverpool solicitor was questioning a police officer recently as to the condition of a horse. "Do you really mean to say," pressed the advocate in his best cross-examining style, "that the animal had shore soldiers—I mean to say sore soldiers—I mean—" Still there was something wrong, and the solicitor paused a moment to regain his oratorical balance, while the witness wondered dubiously whether it was a conundrum or a trap. Steadying himself for a third attempt, and deliberating over every syllable, the advocate asked whether the horse really had sore shoulders, and then expanded into a smile of triumph. When the familiar tongue-twister about Peter and his peppercorns becomes stale, suggests the Liverpool Post, here is another one: "Say 'sore shoulders' a dozen times rapidly without a mistake."

Tall Tobacco Stalk.

Lancaster, Ky., Oct. 16.—A stalk of tobacco measuring exactly ten feet from end to end, was raised by R. C. Pepper on a farm near Dix river, near here. Although Mr. Pepper had not topped it, he cut from it ten large leaves of fine texture.

Tobacco Barn Burned.

Elkton, Ky., Oct. 16.—A barn on the farm of D. H. Neil, near Allensville, containing about 6,000 pounds of tobacco, was destroyed by fire last night. The loss is \$800, with insurance of \$500.

Lost Dog.

Taken up a brown and white Pointer dog. Followed a wagon from town. Inquire at this office for information which will be given, when this notice is paid for. Advertisement.

Ceburn's Minstrels.

The J. A. Ceburn Minstrels opened the season at Holland's Opera House last night with a full house. The show was funny from start to finish and made a big hit.

PLAYER PERCIVAL

By C. MACLEAN SAVAGE.

"The season of Mr. Jeffreys Wallace, in 'The Impetuous Prince,' terminates November 29. Members of this company will kindly return their parts to the stage manager."

"ACTON SMITH, Business Manager. HIGGINBOTHAM, DAVIS & Co., Inc."

"Beastly—absolutely beastly!" said Percival Parent, when he saw the customary "two weeks' notice" on the call-board. "By Jove! This is the third frost I've encountered in a single season. I thought this one would pull through. It's rotten!"

For some time he smoked in silence. His pipe went out; but there was a problem solved.

He rose, went over to his steamer trunk, opened it and drew out half-a-dozen photographs. They were photographs of the fair sex—nationality American.

"Let me see," he said. "There's Gwendolyn Sears—father, manufacturer motor tires—quite wealthy. Yet she giggles so. I couldn't stand that, I don't think—no."

"Next we have Margaret Banks—but her dad's a broker. That's too deuced uncertain—may go broke any day—so we'll pass her up."

"Ah—Grace Campbell—Scotch descent—very wealthy—very decent family, with the exception of her mother. I fancy I could overcome mother's objections. Yes, it'll be Grace Campbell, Percy, old chap. You're like the advertisements in the paper—you come under the head of the 'personals'—with 'object matrimony' at the finish."

Mr. Percival Parent laughed, smoked another pipe of shag and went to bed.

"Beastly bother—these 'phones—I wonder what the deuce this is. Hello. Oh, how are you, old chap. Yes, come right up. Good-by."

Mr. Percival Parent returned to his interrupted task of tying his white full-dress tie—before the mirror, of course—where else? A month had passed since that marital soliloquy and the pipe of shag.

A knock came at the door. "Come in," he called. A short, sandy-haired man rushed over the threshold. His check suit fairly howled "Bond street—London." The rest of his clothes clashed artistically.

"Well, well, Percy, you old rotter. Where the bally deuce have you been? Not a sign of you on the street or at the club. I knew your engagement with Wallace was over, so I've had my eye open for you! I've got it this time—beautiful part. The 'star' is new. But the play's by one of the best men on this side. Seventh-five a week it's worth. Spoke to the author last night. He thought you were just the man. Come round to the club, we'll talk it over."

Percival Parent bestowed upon his friend a look of distant pity and gave him the benefit of his most languid tones:

"Sorry, old chap, I can't accept. 'Can't accept! For heaven's sake—what's up? Not going into trade?' 'Perhaps—later; but I think I'll try matrimony.'"

"The deuce you say! Who's the girl?"

"It's not official yet—so I can't say. I think, though, it'll come to a head shortly—perhaps tonight. 'Father fretted' a bit, and 'mother fumed.' But the girl has a will of her own. I flatter myself I hold a winning hand."

He of the check suit gave vent to a long whistle. "You always were a lucky beggar, Percy. You've got a long head—a long head."

"Thanks. Would you mind holding my coat, old man? Thanks. Which do you prefer for buttonhole—a gardenia or a white orchid?"

"Deuced expensive, orchids—eh?"

"Oh, hang that—I want to look my best. An orchid it shall be, then. Good-night."

He of the check suit left for the club. Percival followed a little later—after a glance in the mirror at the tout ensemble. His destination was the Fifth avenue residence of Miss Grace Campbell.

Mr. Percival Parent awoke the next day at about 1:30 p. m. His head felt very queer. There seemed to be many clouds floating through his brain. He sat up in bed. His

head felt queer—so he lay back on the pillow again.

"Oh, yes—I see," he said to himself. "Last night at the club. Old Billy opened a bottle—so did Ed Lake. So did several other chaps. Then I loosened up. Then they all roared. 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' and toasted me as the future partner of old Angus Campbell, the copper magnate. Then there was some more rot, and Old Billy took me home in a taxi. Oh, yes, I remember—hallo!"

There was a sharp rap on the door. A very tousled-looking, pajama-clad Percival opened it. The bellboy handed him a letter. He knew the handwriting. It was from Grace Campbell.

"Dear, dear, the poor girl's got it bad. Left her last night at eleven-thirty. Everything arranged. Wedding in April. Honeymoon in Europe. Four months' tour of France by motor. What the deuce is she writing so soon for?"

He stifled a yawn, went over to the window and tore open the envelope.

He read the letter.

He read it again.

He read it a third and a fourth time.

Then he laid it down. He went into the bathroom and turned on the water in the tub—the cold water. Something was wrong with his eyes or his brain. A cold tub would pull him together.

He dressed completely before reading the letter again. There was no mistake—the words were there—in plain English. Yet he read them aloud to make sure:

"My Dear Mr. Parent:

"Don't ask me to explain. Let us forget it all. Pardon my abruptness. But it is my wish that the engagement be broken."

"Very sincerely,

"GRACE CAMPBELL."

Percy didn't like the sound of his own voice at that particular moment. For once in his life he wasn't acting. Grace Campbell had "called it off."

Why?

In vain he tried to think of something he had done—some reason for her action. He could find none.

"What will they say—the chaps at the club? I, like a silly ass, told them all about it. It'll be in the papers. They'll have the laugh on me. I'll see her. It'll be all right. It'll go through yet. By Jove—it must go through."

Percy, in morning coat, "topper," stick, monocle and all, called at the Fifth avenue residence of Miss Grace Campbell. He was informed by the stony-faced butler that the lady in question had left town. "When would she return? He couldn't say."

For three days he called every afternoon. Also he telephoned. Nothing came of it. Then he wrote Miss Campbell a letter—a long letter—well worded—guaranteed to soften the hardest heart—so he thought. Then he waited for a reply.

Things happened. There was a denial by Angus Campbell in the papers. It was most emphatic.

A week passed—a week of attempted nonchalance—a week of agonizing anxiety.

At last a letter came—postmarked Palm Beach.

He ripped open the envelope. He read the letter through. His monocle dropped from his eye.

Miss Campbell wrote a firm hand. She came to the point.

Percy didn't read the letter aloud—thus it ran:

"My Dear Mr. Parent:

"Since you so earnestly ask for an explanation (your letter was a masterpiece of earnestness), I will give you one."

"I consented to be your wife—you seemed sincere."

"We were alone in the parlor. You held out your arms to me and I fell into your embrace."

"Something, I don't know what it was—perhaps the spirit of one of my Revolutionary ancestors—made me look over your shoulder."

"Of course you remember that you faced a long mirror—Did it occur to you that there was also one behind you?"

"I saw my own reflected face at an angle—I saw yours."

"You held me in your arms a moment and then—you winked at yourself in the glass."

"Sincerely yours,

"GRACE CAMPBELL."

The next morning Percival Parent received a bill from the cashier of his hotel, for "broken mirror—one dollar."

(Copyright.)

Sick Women Attention

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

From Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 199 Waldo Street, Providence, R. I.

A Minister's Wife Writes:

CLOQUET, MINN.—"I have suffered very much with irregularities, pain and inflammation, but your wonderful medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has made me well and I can recommend the same to all that are troubled with these complaints."—Mrs. JENNIE AKERMAN, c/o Rev. K. AKERMAN, Cloquet, Minnesota.

From Mrs. J. D. Murdoch, Quincy, Mass.

SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic trouble and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. JANE D. MURDOCH, 25 Gordon St., South Quincy, Mass.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Forest Notes.

Wireless telegraphy is being used in Canada in reporting on forest fires.

The best excelsior is made from basswood, or linden. Aspen and cottonwood, however, supply nearly half of the total amount manufactured.

The King of England has given permission to have a part of the royal estate placed at the disposal of the school of forestry at Cambridge University for purposes of experiment and demonstration.

William Penn, in his Charter of Rights, provided that for every five acres of forest cleared one acre should be left in woods. Foresters today maintain that on an average one-fifth of every farm should be in timber.

Recent experiments indicate that round timbers of all the pines, of Engelmann spruce, Douglas fir, tamarack, and western arch, can be readily treated with preservatives, but that the fir, hemlocks, redwood, and Sitka spruce, in the round, do not take treatment easily. This information should be of value to persons who contemplate preservative treatment of round posts, poles, or mine props.

MY FAVORITE STORY.

By Denny Lindsay.

A suffrage leader stopped a small boy in the street.

"Child," she said, "what are you doing on the street?"

"Oh, jus' runnin' 'round," answered the lad.

"Did you ever have any moral instruction?"

"Any what?"

"Any moral instruction?"

"Don't know what that is."

The suffrage leader was appalled.

"Little boy," she said, "go home and tell your mother that Mrs. Jones will speak at the Settlement House this evening on the subject, 'Where Does a Mother's Duty to Her Children Begin?'"

"Aw, cut it out, maw," exclaimed the small boy, "don't yuh recognize yer own kid."

Harry T. Penniman expert upholsterer is at 314 S. Main St. Don't neglect this opportunity.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom and love has called from earth to His eternal reward our beloved brother, J. M. Renshaw, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Kentucky Universalist Convention express the deep sense of loss and profound sorrow that fill all hearts at the untimely taking away of Brother Renshaw. He was a loyal Universalist, an upright citizen, a faithful husband and loving father. In all relations of life our brother was true and faithful. In recognition of the worth of his character and service, and as an expression of our love and esteem for him, we deeply deplore his death and the great loss we have sustained.

Resolved, That we convey to the family of Brother J. M. Renshaw, the heartfelt sympathy of this Convention and pray most earnestly that our Heavenly Father may grant them strength and fortitude to bear this severe loss and sorrow.

Resolved further, That a copy of these Resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased, and the same be published in the county papers, and that they be spread upon the minutes of this Convention.

ELTON WILSON,
ELMER ADAMS,
D. E. McCORD,
Committee

No Longer a Republican.

President Roosevelt is uncompromising in his opposition to the old Republican leaders, which includes Penrose in Pennsylvania, Barnes in New York and Wilson in Kentucky. He warns his followers that any support of Republican candidates for Congress or the Senate only encourages that party and does damage to the Progressive cause. He has rejected overtures made to him by Gus Wilson who has promised to support him for President in 1916 if he will support Gus for the Senate this year. When President Roosevelt makes his speech in Louisville, he will deprecate what is left of the tattered and demoralized Republican party in Kentucky.

Touched at Owensboro.

Pickpockets worked the Owensboro fair, one of their victims being R. P. Ashley, of Centertown, Ky., who was relieved of \$50 and had to borrow money to get back home.